Sorrovves Ioy.

OR,

A LAMENTATION

for our late deceaſed Soveraigne ELIZABETH, *with a triumph*

for the proſperous ſucceſſion of our gratious

King, IAMES, &c.

Elizabeth
Queen of England.

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SORROWES ioy.

GRiefe hauing ſpent a large exceſſe of teares,
for the loſt treaſure of true ioyes content,
leaſt plentie vnſupplied ſhould waſte in yeares,
borrowes from Ioues nine daughters ſad lament.
They interchangeably with one aſſent
take griefes aboundance to inrich their owne:
ſo each to other mutuall weeping lent
till Theſpias ſpring the meades had ouerflowne.
Sent-pleaſing flowers of gladneſſe that had growne
a twentie two redoubled ſummers pride,
this eie dropt inundation makes vnknowne,
and ruſtles hence with an impetuous tide.
Thus haue we nothing left of what we had,
But this poore comfort, that we once were glad.

Il fine.

Bright Maieſtie hath dimmd her brighteſt parts
ſince Glories ſunſhine left the royall throne:
in mournefull blacke ſit the more mournefull Arts,
viewing their life-protecting Empreſſe gone.
Vertue diſconſolate in reſtleſſe mone
like tragicke Chorus euer meanes to reſt.
Peace in diſpaire had giuen her lateſt grone
if Miracle had not her will repreſt.
O ſoule-deare countrie thou aboue the reſt
lieſt in deepe floudes of bitter ſorrow drownd:
woes mortall arrowes pierce each mortall breſt,
but thy loſt heart receiues no common wound.

Wounded thou art with woe aboue all other
Loosing thy virgin scepter-swaying mother.

Il fine.

Heauen adding glorie to the spatious world,
gaue the best treasure of the highest spheare:
the world all ioy into earthes bosome hurld:
the earth all blisse to her blest Isle did beare.
Heauen wondred at the gift it had bestowed:
the world amaz'd at this faire glorie stood:
the earth for ioy with triumphs ouerflowed:
England secure bath'd in sweete blisses flood.
Heauens aide nere wanted to heauens gifts supportal:
the world worlds glorie would haue endlesse made:
the earth aspir'd to get her ioy immortall:
England still praid her blisse might neuer fade.
Whence then had death a power against all this,
Heauens gift, worlds glorie, earths ioy, Englands (blisse?

Il fine.

O dearest soyle thy Nile-surrownding sorrow
well sympathize with mine eyes euer flowing;
our griefe no griefe from any needes to borrow,
true cause of dolour in our selues is growing.
Yet mutually lamenting each with other,
remorsselesse hearts may be to pitty moued:
thou wayling me, I thee my natiue mother,
both hauing lost what both of vs best loued.
Thou for thy children and thy selfe art weeping,
we for our mother and our owne misfortune,
all for we misse our common parents keeping,
whose life let our liues no mischaunce importune.
Our common parent from vs all thus taken,
We all may weepe, all orphans left forsaken.

Il fine.

Nature and Art so many ages striuing
to whome the palme of excellence belonged,

agree

agree in one rare pieces worke contriuing
to end the iarre, that each thought other wronged.
Vnualued gemmes both heaped on their creature,
a virgin Queene the height of praiſe tranſcending.
Fortune inamoured on ſuch Angell feature,
in giuing fauours would admit no ending.
But he thunders from the thrones ſupernall
knowing the earth vnworthy ſuch rich treaſure,
aſſumes her hence to raigne in ioyes eternall:
Nature, Art, Fortune, vexed out of meaſure,
All firmely vowd to frame her equall neuer:
Earth hearing this, vowd likewiſe teares for euer.

Il fine.

You il-limd ſhaddowes of my penſiue ſpirit
that in dead colours ſhewe griefes liuing flame,
all grauer iudgements your proud dare will blame:
this taske befits a Muſe of greater merit.
Ceaſe then rude numbers, or your lines inflame
with ſacred furie of diuiner rage:
confound with woe each perſon ſexe, and age:
crie till the hils reeccho backe the ſame.
Nor the loud thunder of your ſtraines aſſwage,
till heauen ſhall rend the ſtarre-enchaced vaile,
the wheluing orbes in their ſwift motions faile,
and all things march in funerall equipage.
But O too weake ſo ſtrongly to preuaile.
Surceaſe to ſpeake, though neuer ceaſe to waile.

I. G.

Englands farewell.

COme Muſes nine, and graces three,
all clad in ſad attire:
To mone and waile a Princes death

the glorie of our quire.
Come noble peeres and Engliſh blood,
to ſee what you haue loſt:
The anker of our hope beeing broke,
how all now may be toſt.
Come then and beare a part with me,
let all the Churches chime,
Let throbbing ſighes be muſicke beſt,
let trickling teares keepe time.

Times had their haues, times haue their hads,
thus times goe in ſucceſſion,
Would we might ſay we haue not had,
but worſt is in poſſeſſion.
So ſhould we ſay, we haue, not had,
with griefe a maiden Queene;
Through ages paſt, future, or nowe,
the like not to be ſeene.
Moſt princes haue all their renowne,
from countries where they raigne,
Fewe countries doe by worthy kings
a name more famous gaine.
If fewe or none, or onely one,
then is it onely this,
Wherein we liue, wherein there raignd,
the mirrour of our bliſſe.
One whome all vertues did agree,
to giue their perfect tincture,
Dame nature was not farre behind,
to decke her with her feature.
And thus adornd long did ſhee raigne,
admired of each nation,
To ſee ſeauen Popes, their liues, and ends,
and all her foes confuſion.
Beloued of vs, honoured of friends,

of

of enemies alwaies feared,
Of Spaniſh king, whoſe kingdome quak't
when they her flagge ſee reared.
If Belgia did her patronage,
if France her league did craue,
Her mightie power thou maiſt gueſſe,
what vertue not to haue.
Zenobia, Bundwic, Brittanes Helen
giue place vnto the beſt:
If Queenes doe win the praiſe from Kings,
ſhee may aboue the reſt.
Not ſo great iarre for Homers birth,
ſeauen Grecian townes among,
As now there is mongſt vertues all,
to whome ſhee doth belong.
Vnhappie land, which canſt not haue
ſuch Princes be immortall:
Or to bequeath by legacie
their gifts, they beeing fatall.
The *HEMPE* is ſpunne, the glaſſe is run,
the Engliſh borne blood's ceaſed,
With better Prince, then this, could not
deare Theodors name haue ended.
In honour thine, we onely wiſh,
each Prince as good to be,
And in our hearts for future time,
w'ill reare a tombe for thee.

The ſong is ſung: now looke abroad
and ſee what's like to fall,
The day beeing ſpent, ſome miſtie cloudes
may riſe to darken all.
A wonder 'tis: our ſunne is ſet,
and yet there is no night:
Darke ſtormes were feared round about,

and yet all ouer bright.
(Bleſt God) when we for feare ſcarce lookt
to haue ſeene peaces mooneſhine,
Thou ſentſt from North paſt all our hopes,
king Iames his glorious ſunſhine.

Ri. Parker. Caigon.

FAme tells ſad tydings to my liſtning Eare;
My Eare conueies them to my throbbing Heart;
My Heart, whoſe ſtrings with ſighs nie broken are,
Doth to my watrie Eyes theſe newes impart.
Teares are eyes-trafficke ſent to ſorrow mart:
So ſtormes of rayne alay the boiſtrous winde,
And ſtreames of teares do calme the penſiue mind.

Dead's Europs glorie, and great Englands fame,
Since faire *Eliza* is depriu'd of breath.
Wild Savedges ador'd her liuing name,
And beeing dead; we all lament her death.
Hir death full many a Poets weeping bearth.
So wayling Infants in their birth preſage,
How Griefe muſt be the remnant of their age.

Oh whither ſhall the Arts for ſuccour flie?
Since Arts perfection, Natures cheife delight,
Ioves deareſt Darling, Fates haue done to die.
The Earths bright Glorie, and the worlds cleare light.
Weepe (Muſes) weepe, lament your wofull plight.
A cypreſſe bow my trembling hand doth beare:
The dolefull liu'rie that my heart doth weare.

Yet ceaſe your plaints: adde meaſure to your mones
For how can die a creature ſo diuine?
Eliza to *Elyſian* fields is gone,

And

And Englands awfull Scepter did reſigne,
To one deſcended from her royall line.
Smile(Muſes)ſmile! a Noble one ſucceedes.
Elizas lawfull heire in vertuous deedes.

Tho. Goodrick, S. I. Coll.

Vpon occaſion offered by the time and ſeaſon of the yeare, when the Crowne by due deſcent fell vnto our moſt gratious and Soueraigne Lord the King.

ILluſtrious, puiſſant, and renowned Prince,
Mirrour of Learning; Natures Quinteſſence, &c.
Pardon (great King) of Europes greateſt Iſle,
Your boundleſſe Titles paſſe my feeble ſtyle.
Don Æolus great Monarch of the windes,
Hearing *Eliza* now her crowne reſignes,
Sent forth life-breathing Zephirus, who brings
Theſe ioyous tydings grau'n vpon his wings.
But ſturdie *Notus*, farre more ſwift in flight,
Thought this Embaſſage long'd to him by right:
And brake fro out the caverns of the earth;
Making an hideous noiſe with bluſtring breath.
The reaſon why, Southwind ſo loud did blow,
He feard his tydings ſhould be deeme too ſlow.
And when (great King) your Geſts you gan to ride,
The fertile heau'ns the barren earth gan chide.
For that the Spring Vſher to Maies freſh queene,
Was not apparrel'd in his ſuit of greene.
Nor that her ſelfe in her new mantle clade,
Ne yet her men in liueries greene araide.
Wherefore a ſnowie mantle did they ſpread,
On which your ſacred ſelfe might ſoftly tread.
Which princely fauour whē your Grace did daign,

Heau'ns

Heau'ns wept for ioy, and burſt forth into raine.
Then powerful Phębus dride thoſe vaprous ſtreams,
By the exhaling influence of his beames,
And ſet new nappe on earths bare coat againe,
In honour of our deare dread Soueraigne.
And that ſame Phębe, the painfull Poets god,
With all the troopes of his celeſtiall brood,
Vnto your worthie Highnes doth bequeath,
A glorious Diademe of Laurell wreath.
The Laurell euer-greene for aye doth ſpring,
Meede for the Poet, and the mightie King.
Oh where on earth ſhould reſt thoſe gifts diuine,
But in your breſt, as in their ſacred ſhrine?
A Cęſars ſcepter, and a Virgils quill.
Which Ioue grant Laurell-like may flouriſh ſtill.
Oh how his heau'nly dit's, and powerfull ſongs,
In ſugred ſlumbers, lulls the learned throngst
Let the celeſtiall Quire of Muſes ſing,
Sweete hymn's of praiſe in honour of our King.

Th. Goodrick. S. I. Coll.

YOu Orphane Muſes which haue loſt of late
The roiall Ornament of learned Arts,
(Whome all the world did rightly wonder at,
Whilſt ſhee on earth did hold our loiall hearts)
Accord with vs, and willingly addreſſe
Your tragicke fall to Englands heauines.

Yee that of late did blazon forth her praiſe,
Who liuing gaue life to your heroick verſe,
Compile ſad Elegies and mournfull laies,
Which witnes may how ye bewaild her herſe:
Her herſe; whoſe raigne your bowres did beautifie,
Princeſſe of Learning, Queene of Caſtalie.

Whilſt

Whilſt that your Chriſtall-ſtreaming Helicon
Orepaſſe his bounds ſurcharged with your teares
Diſtilling faſt, whilſt you her loſſe bemone,
Whoſe glorie ſhined bright both farre and neare.
What greater fauour could ye ere haue found,
Then to b' embrac't of roialſt Prince on ground?

Greater the fauour was, greater the griefe
Suſtained ſince Elizaes mournfull death;
Which Learning grac't with honour and reliefe,
Whilſt you enioyed her: ſhee, vitall breath.
All which may cauſe your ſelues both to lament,
And tell this Iſlands heauie dreariment.

This Iſland, which ſhee bleſt with happie peace,
And it eſtabliſhed in ioyfull glee:
This Iſland, which from feare ſhee did releaſe
Of forraine force and cruell tyrannie.
Such happie bliſſe it neuer ſaw beforne,
Which makes her loſſe more grieuouſly to mourne.

Who would haue thought, that any gladſome light
In engliſh hearts could euer ſhine againe,
To chaſe theſe watrie clouds, and cleare our ſight,
From whence ſalt-briniſh teares haue flow'd amaine?
Who wold haue thought, but that faire Engl̃ds prid
Had with her Soueraigne Queene both liu'd & dide?

Yet from that roiall-thrice renowned race
Of kings; from which Eliza did deſcend;
Th'almightie king hath raiſed in her place,
A puiſſant Soueraigne Prince vs to defend,
And eke this Iſland to adorne with bliſſe,
As he with vertues all adorned is.

That regall race to peace restored first
This land, when two braue Peares did ioyne in one,
Ending of ciuill wars the bloody thirst;
That one might raigne a compleat Prince alone.
Such one Eliza was whilst shee did liue;
One Phenix dead, another doth suruiue.

No tract of time yet can her donne to dye,
Vertue reuiues when men lowe buried lye:
Elizaes vertues liue though shee be gonne,
Nor sleep her praises in her marble stone.
Dead is shee not, but liueth still on hye,
Where Angels for her make sweet melody.

Amongst the Saintes and Angels company,
In heauen cloathed all in purest white,
A crowne shee weares of immortality,
Whose ioyes no pen is able to endite:
Meane while let Muses all extoll her name,
And sing to future age her worthy fame.

Great god in dreadfull indgement reft away
The aged mother of these orphane lands;
The children wayled for their dames decay,
Lifting to highest heauen their folded hands;
Deare god, they sayd, rue on our heauie case,
And spare vs, not for vs, but for thy boundless grace:
Our life, our soule, our heart, our head is dead;
Spare vs, good lord, and saue vs out of dread.
He then bespake; comfort, my seely sheepe;
I will you saue, my mercy shall you keepe:
Nor life, nor soule, nor heart, nor head is dead,
But all with me eu'rliuing life do lead.
Comfort, my sheep, a shepheard I haue found,

Truer

Truer then whome treads nor on graſſe, nor ground:
Him will I giue, he ſhall you rule aright.
Your mother gon, he ſhall your father hight.
The teares that earſt rayned adown their cheeke,
They lightly wipte; and thus gan him beſpeake,
Mercy, deare lord, vnto thy bountyhed,
Which ſuch a father haſt vs offered:
Him for our dreaded lord we humbly take,
Him lord, good Lord, thou ouer vs do make.
With that, a noiſe the yeelding aire did rent,
And cleft the skyes, and vp to heauen it went,
And certifi'd high God of their intent:
The Angels ſelu's (hearing the ſhrilling ſhout
Which from the earth reſounded all about)
The ſelfſame voice reecchoing agayne,
God ſaue the king melodiouſly they ſange.
The rolling ſphears (whoſe voice was neu'r deſcri'd
By mortall eare, ſince Samian wiſard di'd)
The ſelfſame note eke ſoftly murmured;
And them their mouers ſweetly anſwered.
So heauen and earth, according both in one,
God ſaue king Iames they cri'd *true king alone.*

Tho: Byng.

To the King his Maieſtie.

IS any penne ſo rich in poetrie,
As to pourtray thy matchleſſe maieſtie?
Can mortall wight conceit thy worthines,
Which fills the worlds capacious hollownes?
Lo then the man which the *Lepanto* writ;
Or he, or els on earth is no man fit.
Requeſt him then, that he would thee commend:
Els neu'r thy worth may worthily be penn'd.

And yet, for all his royall eloquence,
Scarce may he figure forth thy excellence.

T. B.

Vpon the death of our late Queene.

THey ſay a comet woõteth to appeare,
When Princes baleful deſtinie is neare:
So *Iulius* ſtarre was ſeene with fierie creſt,
Before his fall to blaze emongſt the reſt.
Our ſtarre is fall'n, and yet no bearded light
Did once amaze the ſad beholders ſight;
For why, a comet meete to haue ſhowne her fall
Would ſure haue ſet on fire heauen, earth, and all.

Tho. Byng.

TWixt King and Queene while I deuide my heart,
They, each to other, yeeld their doubtfull part:
So turne I griefe to ioy, or ioy to griefe:
For in a kingdome onely one is chiefe.
The title due to both: and both I like:
And both my heart with ioy and griefe doe ſtrike.
Her loſſe, my griefe: his gaine, my ioy doth claime:
And both at white and blacke, my heart muſt aime.
For her I grieue: in him I take delight:
To him I giue the day: to her the night.
To weepe for her in night my blood ile drop:
And ioy for him my blood in day ſhall ſtop.
That both I honour may in their degree,
(King Iames) I wiſh her happines to thee.

Thomas Bradburie.

Vpon the day of our Queenes death and our Kings proclamation.

AH euill Eue that didst our hearts dismay
With heauie tidings of our Ladies end.
Be thou the Fast vnto our Ladie-day,
Wherein our Lord that sauing newes did send.
And yet good Eue, that euen with one breath,
Didst bring vs tydings both of life and death.
That of our Queene no sooner newes didst bring,
But didst withall bring tydings of our king.

How well didst thou our heauinesse defray,
And crosse thy former with thy latter word?
Be Holy Eue vnto our Holy day,
Wherein was told the comming of our Lord.
Begin the yeares with good hap both togither,
Weele keepe the one beginning as the other.
And as it falls, thou the Politicall
Serue sub-yeare to th'Ecclesiasticall.

R. B. Pemb.

What eie from teares? what Muse from Elegies?
What hardned heart from sighes can now abstaine?
Gainst our dread Souetaigne Queene the destinies
Preuailed haue, and ended quite her raigne:
Her raigne, that long endur'd, yet now is done:
Hence springs our griefe, hence issueth our mone.

All tongues, all pennes, all wits cannot expresse
Her wondrous worth, and matchlesse dignitie:
Her presence did this English nation blesse,

Her preſence doth the heauens reioice on hie:
Both earth and heauen witneſſe her happie ſtate,
Happie now in the heauens, in earth of late.

Peace did her raigne begin, peace it maintaind,
Peace gaue her leaue in peace hence to depart,
Peace ſhee hath left behind; which no way ſtaind
With bloody warre reioyceth Englands heart:
Though we a king of peace haue in her ſtead,
Yet let vs mourne: The Queene of peace is dead.

I. G. T.C. Cant.

An Epitaph vpon our late Soueraigne.

HEre in this earthen pot lies withered
Which grew on hie, the white roſe and the red.
Strawe roſes here, out of this roſie bedde,
Out grows, & liues the Roy· flowre which was dead;
Thus is a Phœnix of her aſhes bred.

Another of the ſame.

Reader, that thou maieſt loue the dead, hate death,
Read, *In this tombe lies Queene Elizabeth.*

Effudit Theophilus Feild,
Aul. Pembroch. Cantab.

SInce that to death is gone that ſacred Deitie,
That Phœnix rare, whom al were loath to leaue:
Since that to death is gone that ſplendent Maieſtie,
Whoſe ſplendor none, not one can right perceiue,
But beeing dazeled as looking vp too hie
Amazed ſtandes to ſee ſuch vertues die;

Since that to death is gone that royall maide,

That

That Pellican, who for her peoples good
(O loue, ô vertue, which too ſoone doeth fade!)
Stickt not to ſpill (alas) her owne deare blood:
That maide, that Pellican, Englands ſole power
Thus ſoone, too ſoone, hath breath'd her lateſt (houre;

Since that to death is gone that princely dame,
Whilome to whoſe admired deitie
Veſta, Minerua, Pallas, Venus came
Yeilding as captiues to her Maieſtie;
Let's now poure forth our willing teares & cries
Since that ſo ſoone ſuch rare perfection dies.

Die they ſhall not, although that ſhee be dead;
Her praiſes liue inrolled, and regiſtred
In times old vollumes, alwaies to be read,
Bereaued of life, but not of fame bereaued,
O peereleſſe prince, Englands ſole Paragon
Thy praiſes liue, although thy ſelfe be gone.

Ye Muſes nine breath forth your dolefull notes,
A ſweeter Muſe neare breathed on theſe lands,
Ye ſacred Nimphes put on blacke mourning cotes,
Bewreath your fronts with ſad Cypreſſe garlands,
Eliza's dead, ſing dolefull Elegies,
Ditties of ſorrow, and lamenting cries.

Many there are like wolues, and maſtie dogges,
Who long chaind vp expected long this daie
That then they might ſhake off their iron clogs,
And with full mouth run on vs as their praie:
Cõfort fed hope not long, nor hope did cõfort
Of hope & cõfort for they ſee their laſt. (taſte,

For Phæbe gone, a Phæbus now doth ſhine,

Mars

Mars, and Minerua's champion let's him call,
Englands ſtrong ſhield, vnder whoſe ſacred ſhrine
England may ſhake, but neare is like to fall.
Shine Phæbus ſtil, neare may thy vertuous lights
Eccliplſed be with blacke obſcured nights.

Reioyce, reioyce, ye dolefull ditties peace,
Let voice of ſighes be turn'd to words of glee,
Lament no more, ſighes, ſobs, and ſorrows ceaſe,
Phæbe farewel, farewell our teares with thee;
Farewell our light, by death bereau'd of light,
Farewell our might by death deſtroi'd of might.

Henrie Campion. Colleg. Emanuel.

A ſtay-griefe for Engliſh men,

with a motion to the Pope, and *Engliſh Papiſts.*

ELizabeth our Engliſh Queene,
The like to whome was neuer ſeene,
Is gone from earth to Chriſt aboue
To dwell with him her onely loue.
Lament thy loſſe, thou Engliſh heart
And ſigh and ſob, it is thy part:
Spare thou no teares, but bleare thy face,
Spare none for loſſe of ſuch a grace.
While ſhee did liue, Gods word we had,
Sweete peace was then to good and bad;
No plague, no ſword, no famine great
Came euer neere her royall ſeate.
No foe, no death, no ſpite of hell
Could downe to ground her ſcepter fell:
Till God had brought her daies to full
And made vs all our hearts to pull,

For

For griefe, and loſſe of ſuch a breath
Which kept vs all ſo long from death.
But now what wight our griefe can ſtay?
What power can chaſe our death away?
And keepe Gods truth with peace and all,
That from this land they neuer fall?
None now can helpe, ſaith bloodie Rome,
For all to nought will quite fall downe.
Yea all is ours, and we will raigne,
To bring th'old Maſſe and all againe.
But ſoft and faire, ſaith faith in God,
Till Iames our king take vp the rod,
And with great grace his ſiſters ſeate
Poſſeſſe and keepe with feruent heate.
Come then good Iames, pluck vp thy heart
For all thats good will take thy part.
Come in betimes, and cure our ſores,
For thou canſt quench euen all vprores.
Our hearts thou haſt, goods, lands and life,
To keepe in peace and end all ſtrife.
With thee weele liue, with thee weele die
In truth, faith, loue eternally.
Thy gifts are great, thy grace is greene
To equall now our gratious Queene.
Our faith with vs, doe thou vphold,
Thee to defend we will be bold.
Thy kingly gift, if thou doſt keepe, Βασιλικὸς δῶρον.
How happie are thy Engliſh ſheepe?
Thy ſelfe, thy ſonne, and all England,
Whom God will ſaue with his right hand?

So be it.

A motiue in Hexameters.

TVrne to the Lord, proud Pope, by thy buſſles nought ſetteth a good king.

Curſe tho thou doſt, yet ſhall we be bleſt, for God is on our ſide.
Downe to the ground thy crowne doe thou caſt, and flee to the Goſpel.
Downe o'thy knees ſubmiſſe to our King, and hurt not his Highnes.
Arme not his Iſles with a bull, nor curſe, nor whette them againſt him.
God is his arme, the Crowne is his owne, moſt due by the birthright.
Him doe we reſt in next to the Lord, and pray for his welfare.
Haſt then ye Papiſts to repent, and come to the true Church.
Leaue now the Pope, and cleaue to the word, Gods power to ſaue all men.
Th'rule to beleeue, to doe well, to direct in truth without errour.
Such is no Pope, no iudge, nor any man whoſoeuer.
Search then the Scriptures, conforming all to the writ word.

L. G.

PAſſe on Religion masked all in blacke,
Next Muſes with your haire-diſheueled browes:
Now Honour beare the Hearſe vpon thy backe:
Then paſſe ye Graces with the cypreſſe boughs.
So waile ye all her death of whoſe rich heart
Each one of you haue ſtill poſſeſt a part.
Ceaſe not till ſorrow doth ye ouerflow,
For ye muſt more then humane ſorrow ſhow.
And when hearts eyes with teares are bleard and dim,
Exſpect releefe of Englands mightie king:

For

For he loues onely thoſe, that her did loue,
And him their hearts true paſſions onely mooue.
Th. Milles. Clar.

SHee was, why? all the world doth know
The pureſt mortall, that the world did owe:
Why doting world wouldſt thou forſake her? no:
But the worlds great Lord ſaid it muſt be ſo.
Shee was but lent, how ere ſo much deſir'd,
The world his leaſe is out, her time expir'd.
He lent the world her, on this condition,
That ſhee might be at his diſpoſition.
Well may we thinke how that he lou'd vs, when
He truſted ſuch a priſe to froward men.
O thy mercie Lord, thou doſt endeuor
By loue to binde vs vnto thee for euer.
Was euer ſuch exchange, euer ſuch loue
As we haue had now ſent vs from aboue?
Without exchange he might haue tooke away
His gratious Seruant, and made vs a pray
Vnto our gaping enemies, but he
Doth clogge vs ſtill with ſtrange proſperitie.
In greateſt griefe, came the greateſt pleaſure:
Weepe we would, but ioy giues vs no leiſure.
In griefe we doe ſing, in weeping ioy:
Our Queene we weepe, and ſing *VIVE LE ROY.*
G. F. Anl. Trin.

Singultientes luſus.

THe Muſes with pale violets inchequered
Th' eternall garden of Elizaes reſt:
Venus, with hyacinths her tombe indiapred,

The Graces with ſweete balme annoint her breſt.
Loue ſtrowed cinnamon on Phænix neſt,
Phæbus adorn'd it with eternall bayes,
Sylvanus with ſad cypres it addreſt,
Bacchus with twiſting Ivie it araies.
To water all theſe plants and pallid flowers,
Deare Queene, mine eyes ſhall ſtreame a flood of (ſhowers.

2

Sleepe deareſt Queene, your vertue neuer ſleepeth:
Reſt in your bed of earth, your honour waketh:
Slumber ſecurely, for your glorie keepeth
Continuall guard; and liuing ioy partaketh:
Deareſt of deare, a riſing doth remaine;
For Sunnes that ſleeping ſet, muſt riſe againe.

3

The bleſſed morne fore bleſſed Maries day,
On angels wings our Queene to heauen flieth.
To ſing a part of that celeſtiall lay
Which Alleluiah, Alleluiah crieth.
In heauens chorus ſo at once are ſeene
A virgin mother, and a maiden Queene.

4

What meanes this ſhining luſtre of the aire,
As though our Northen welkin were on fire?
How is this cloudie night become ſo faire,
Lamping in ſtarrie light and bright attire?
Some ſay, the ſtarres frō heauen to earth deſcended,
I ſay, a ſtarre from earth to heauen aſcended.

5

Mine hand did quake, and with a palſey tremble,
My letters halfe were ſtraight, & halfe were crooked.
My teares betwixt each word, did blots reſemble.
My ſighs did drie my teares, and all ill looked.
This ague feare, and teares, and ſighs compacted,
Are

Are emblems of an heart, farre more diſtracted.

Griefe dumbe in word, in heartie anguiſh yelling,
Ruth not in teares, but in my heart abounding,
Sorrow not ſighing, but mine heart or'quelling,
Not in my tongue, but in my ſoule reſounding.
What melting words ſuch ſorrow can impart?
A dying Queene is tombed in mine heart.

And ſuch a Queene: who euer names her name
And doth not weepe? who weepes, and is not burned
With fuming ſighes? who ſighes, and doth not blame
Thoſe ſtarres, which all our bliſſe to ſorrow turned?
Let him not liue, that once Eliza heares,
VVhich is not chokt with ſighes & drownd with (teares.

The ſpangled Canopie of heauens vault,
Caſſiopæas chaire but late receiued.
Aſtrologers great wonder did aſſault,
To finde the cauſe; and yet were all deceiued.
Eliza ſent to heauen, the heauens had care
A golden ſtarrie throne for to prepare.

I. Bowle. T.C.

NOw is my muſe clad like a Paraſite,
In partie coloured roabes of blacke and white:
Greiuing and ioying too, both theſe together:
But greiues, or ioyes ſhee more, I wot not whether.
Griefe ſoone had ſent vs after our griefes cauſe:
But ſeeing ioy approach it gan to pauſe.
And ioy had vſ'd vs as the Rhodian:
But griefe gainſt kind plaid the Phyſitian:
T'is a rare temperature of ioy and griefe,

When each to other miniſters releiſe.
O deare deare Saint, I could haue worſhipt thee;
And ſtill I would, but for idolatrie.
And yet I will i'the beſt place of my breſt,
Build vp a chappell for thy ſole beheſt.
And there ſing jo, for that once thou waſt;
Weeping withall, becauſe thou di'dſt at laſt.
Eliza's dead: that rends my heart in twaine:
And Iames proclaimd: this makes me well againe.
If hopes faile not (if now they doe 'tis ſtrange)
The loſſe is but as when the moone doth change;
Or when as Phœnix dies: Phœnix is dead:
And ſo a Phœnix followes in her ſtead.
Phœnix for Phœnix: ſith tis ſo and ſo,
This very moneth inſtructs vs what to doe.
Whileſt April ſhowers doe teach vs how to weepe:
The ſunne betwixt two watrie cloudes doth peepe;
And bids vs cheerely ſing our teares among:
Concent of different notes muſt tune our ſong.
Let euery Muſe to Tropheus cell returne,
Which cannot both at once both ioy and mourne.

Thomas Cecill. Coll. Iohan.

A Canto vpon the death of Eliza.

THe earely Houres were readie to vnlocke
The doore of Morne, to let abroad the Day,
VVhen ſad *Ocyroe* ſitting on a rocke,
Hemmd in with teares, not glaſſing as they ſay
Shee woont, her damaske beuties (when to play
Shee bent her looſer fancie) in the ſtreame,
That ſudding on the rocke, would cloſely ſeeme
To imitate her whiteneſſe with his frothy creame.

But

But hanging from the ſtone her carefull head,
That ſhewed (for griefe had made it ſo to ſhew)
A ſtone it ſelfe, thus onely differed,
That thoſe without, theſe ſtreames within did flow,
Both euer ranne, yet neuer leſſe did grow,
And tearing from her head her amber haires,
VVhoſe like or none, or onely Phæbus weares,
Shee ſtrowd thē on the flood to waite vpō her teares.

About her many Nymphes ſate weeping by,
That when ſhee ſang were woont to daunce & leape.
And all the graſſe that round about did lie,
Hung full of teares, as if that meant to weepe,
Whileſt, th'vnderſliding ſtreames did ſoftly creepe,
And clung about the rocke with winding wreath,
To heare a *Canto* of Elizaes death:
VVhich thus poore nymph ſhee ſung, whileſt ſorrowe lent her breath.

Tell me ye bluſhing currols that bunch out,
To cloath with beuteous red your ragged ſire,
So let the ſea-greene moſſe curle round about
VVith ſoft embrace (as creeping vines doe wyre
Their loued Elmes) your ſides in roſie tyre,
So let the ruddie vermeyle of your cheeke
Make ſtaind carnations freſher liueries ſeeke,
So let your braunched armes grow crooked, ſmooth, & ſleeke.

So from your growth late be you rent away,
And hung with ſiluer bels and whiſtles ſhrill,
Vnto thoſe children be you giuen to play
Where bleſt Eliza raignd: ſo neuer ill
Betide your canes nor them with breaking ſpill,
Tell me if ſome vnciuill hand ſhould teare
Your branches hence, and place them otherwhere;
Could you ſtill grow, & ſuch freſh crimſon enſignes beare?

Tell

Tell me ſad Philomele that yonder ſit'ſt
Piping thy ſongs vnto the dauncing twig,
And to the waters fall thy muſicke fit'ſt,
So let the friendly prickle neuer digge
Thy watchfull breaſt with wound or ſmall or bigge,
Whereon thou lean'ſt, ſo let the hiſſing ſnake
Sliding with ſhrinking ſilence neuer take
Th'vnwarie foote, whilſt thou perhaps hangſt halfe awake.

So let the loathed lapwing when her neſt
Is ſtolne away, not as ſhee vſes, flie,
Couſening the ſearcher of his promiſd feaſt,
But widdowd of all hope ſtill *Itis* crie,
And nought but *Itis*, *Itis*, till ſhee die.
Say ſweeteſt queriſter of the airie quire
Doth not thy *Tereu*, *Tereu* then expire,
When winter robs thy houſe of all her greene attire?

Tell me ye veluet headed violets
That fringe the crooked banke with gawdie blewe,
So let with comely grace your prettie frets
Be ſpread, ſo let a thouſand *Zephyrs* ſue
To kiſſe your willing heads, that ſeeme t'eſchew
Their wanton touch with maiden modeſtie,
So let the ſiluer dewe but lightly lie
Like litle watrie worlds within your azure skie,

So when your blazing leaues are broadly ſpread
Let wandring nymphes gather you in their lapps,
And ſend you where Eliza lieth dead,
To ſtrow the ſheete that her pale bodie wraps,
Aie me in this I enuie your good haps:
Who would not die, there to be buried?
Say if the ſunne denie his beames to ſhedde
Vpon your liuing ſtalkes, grow you not withered?

Tell

Tell me thou wanton brooke, that ſlip'ſt away
T'avoid the ſtraggling bankes ſtill flowing cling,
So let thy waters cleanely tribute pay
Vnmixt with mudde vnto the ſea your king,
So neuer let your ſtreames leaue murmuring
Vntill they ſteale by many a ſecret furt
To kiſſe thoſe walls that built Elizaes court,
Drie you not when your mother ſprings are choakt
with durt?
Yes you all ſay, and I ſay with you all,
Naught without cauſe of ioy can ioyous bide,
Then me vnhappie nymph whome the dire fall
Of my ioyes ſpring, But there aye me ſhee cried,
And ſpake no more, for ſorrow ſpeech denied.
And downe into her watrie lodge did goe;
The very waters when ſhee ſunke did ſhowe
With many wrinckled ohs they ſympathiz'd her woe.

The ſunne in mourning cloudes inveloped
Flew faſt into the weſtearne world to tell
Newes of her death. Heauen it ſelfe ſorrowed
With teares that to the earthes danke boſome fell;
But when the next Aurora gan to deale
Handfuls of roſes fore the teame of day
A ſheapheard droue his flocke by chance that way
& made the nymph to dance that mourned yeſterday.

G. Fletcher. Trinit.

A deprecation of our vſuall lapſe
in ſpeech bred by the long fruition of our
bleſſed late Soueraigne.

O Great Iſles greater king; whoſe greateſt fame

(Which Muſes honour, Muſes honoureth)
Is worthy all our breath to ſpend; our breath
Scarce worthy once to ſound, ne ſing the ſame:
Pardon dread Soueraigne Lord, ne deeme it blame,
If in our mouthes, and eares now after death
Queene oft doth ſound, and oft *Elizabeth*,
In ſtead of thy more due, no leſſe ſweete name.
The new-ſet Sun ſtill caſts ſõe glimmering beams;
Sweete odours gone perfume their quitted place.
So; more then ſo, that gratious name *King Iames*
In vs, not vs, in our yet vnborne race
Shal lõg, lõg hence (but ſpare that word of terror)
Reuiue this ſweete, vnwitting, willing error.

T. G. Regalis.

GRiefe rule my panting heart:
Make that three cornerd Iſle thy dolefull throne:
Thou inmate mirth depart:
For I, muſt, can, will, onely inly grone.
Time ſpeake, excuſe my mone.
Of all the flowres thou pul'dſt (and thou pul'ſt all)
Did euer any one
Breath ſweetlier whilſt it grew, or ſweetlier fall?
Teares to your taske: and when you haue ſpent your ſtore,
Weep ſtil becauſe you cannot ſtil weep more.

Yet ſince thou canſt not mend it,
Muſe, of neceſſitie a vertue make:
Say that the gods did lend it,
Vpon the day prefixt againe to take.
Say Eliza was a flowre
Worthie alone to decke the Elizian plaine;
Worthy that ſtarrie bowre
Where ſhee doth ſticke ne're to be cropt againe.

And

And ſince her death ſuch changes doth reueale,
Say, well-rung Changes make the ſweeteſt peale.

Take comfort heauie minde:
For though thy moone decaies, thy ſun doth riſe:
Which, (but ſhee, had any ſhin'd)
Would paſt all admiration rule our skies,
And now will farre ſurpaſſe
The moſt large vnbound hopes we could expect,
Though greater hope ne're was
That any King could better vs direct:
Proceed great Prince in thy wel-ſetled waies,
Thy worth is infinit: ſo be thy daies.

Edwa. Kellet. Regalis.

NOw did the ſunne like an vndaunted Hart,
Euen in his fall enlarge his ample browe;
Now his laſt beames on Spaniſh ſhore did dart,
Hurrying to Thetis his all-flaming cart,
When th' Attick maid pearched on bared bowe,
Vnhappie Attick maide ſang the ſad treaſon
Of *Tereus* moſt wicked man,
And well as her renu'd tongue can,
Tempered her tragicke laies vnto the ſulleine ſeaſon.

When *Coridon* a cruel heardgroomes boy,
Yet ſomewhat vs'd to ſing, and with his peeres
Carroll of loue, and louers ſad annoy;
Wearie of paſſed woe, and glad of preſent ioy,
Hauing inſtal'd his ſunn'd, and ful fed ſteeres,
Thus to the riuer his bliſſe ſignified
Well as he couth, and turning all
Vnto the humming riuers fall,
The woods and Eccho his ſong goodly dignified.

Ye goodly nymphes that with this riuer dwell,
All daughters of the yellow-ſanded Chame,
Which deepe in hollow rockes frame out your cell,
Tell me ye nymphes, for you can ſurely tell;
Is death the cauſe of life? or can that ſame
Be my great'ſt bliſſe, which was my great'ſt annoy?
Eliza's dead, and can it be
Eliza's death brings ioy to me?
Hell beeing the cauſe, why heauenly is the ioy?

With floods of teares I waile that deadly houre,
When as Eliza, Eliza bleſſed maide,
Was married to death, and we giu'n as her dowre,
And low deſcending into *Plutoes* bower,
Scarce fils an earthen pot beeing looſely laid,
Ah is there ſuch power, ſuch crueltie in fate?
Can one Sunne one man ſee
Without, and worſe then miſerie?
Then farewell glorious pompe, and fickle mortals (ſtate.

And yet ten thouſand times I bleſſe that time,
When that good Prince, that Prince of endles fame,
Both in the yeares and our ioyes ſpringing prime,
Strucke my glad eares and raiſd my rugged rime
To carroll lowd and herie his honor'd name,
Ah is there ſuch power, ſuch bountie in fate?
Can one Sunne one man ſee
VVorſe, and without all miſerie?
Then welcome conſtant ioy, & neuer-changing ſtate.

Thou bleſſed ſpirit, ſit thou euer there
VVhere thou nowe ſit'ſt, in heau'n, the worlds late
Now heauens ioy, and with that God yfere, (wonder,
VVho ſtill to thee, thou ſtil to him waſt deare,
Leaue vs vnto the world and fortunes thunder;

Or

Or where thou doſt that bleſſednes enioy,
Bid me, O quickly bid me
Come there where thou haſt hid thee,
In Ioues all-bleſſed lap without, and boue annoy.

If not; ile liue vnder thy funſhine rayes,
And while the Fates afoard me vitall breath,
Ile ſpend it as thy tribute in thy praiſe.
Dighting, ſuch as I can, light virelaies,
To thee, great Prince, whoſe life paies for her death,
Thereto doe thou my humble ſpirit reare,
And with thy ſacred fire
My frozen heart inſpire:
Chaſing from thy high ſpirit all imperious feare.

Then will I ſing, and yet who better ſings
Of thee, then thine owne oft-tride Muſe?
Which when into thy heroicke ſpirit ſprings,
The fields reſound, and neighbour forreſt rings,
And ſacred Muſes leauing their woont vſe
Of carroling, flying their loathed cell,
Run to thy ſiluer ſound,
And liuely dauncen round:
What caren they for *Helicon*, or their *Pegaſean* well?

Then thou thy ſelfe thy ſelfe hiſtorifie,
But I in willow ſhade will chaunt thy name,
And ſing I will, though I ſing ſorrily,
And thee, though little, I will glorifie,
And ſhrilly pipe aloud, the whilſt my Chame
Shall anſwer all againe, thy name aye liues,
While th' Oceans froathie hoare
Beats on thy Britiſh ſhore,
And Albion threats the heauē with high whited cliues.

By this the old nights head gan to be gray,
And dappled round with many a whited ſpot,
So that the boy through ruinous nights decay,
Saw the firſt birth of the new infant day,
So vp he roſe and to his home he got;
And all the way of *Iames* he lowdly ſang,
And all the way the plaine,
Anſwered *Iames* againe:
That all the woods of *Iames* & th' heauen lowdly rāg.

Phin. Fletcher. Regalis.

Nullo godimento ſenza dolore

nondimeno dopo godimento.

THe ſabled ſuit of mourning that I weare,
Is griefe, which inwardly my ſoule doth take
For our late Soueraigne Queene and Ladie deare,
Whoſe earthly light extinct, garres my heart ake.
Through euery veine melancholie ſad feare
Doth pierce, and ioy my vitall ſpirits forſake.
Death is my life, with dreadfull ſighes I die:
Heart breake in twaine, pleaſure depart, goe flie.

But ah, poore ſoule, deſpaire not yet (behold)
Although her glaſſe and earthie date be done,
And that her corps be lapt vp in the mold,
Her vertues haue eternall glorie wonne:
Piercing the skies, and there like burniſht gold
The radiant beames in her name, mates the ſunne
Through all the Spheres; nought can eclipſe her light,
But that her ſtarre wil ſhine in darkeſt night

As well on earth, as aie in skies ſhal't ſhine:

For

For ſeate, and crowne, in peace that ſhee poſſeſt,
A glorious light, (moſt luſtrious of her line)
Scepter, crowne, throne, and all enioies with reſt:
Wiſdome, and Iuſtice, doe with him combine.
Her vertues eke and mo, lodge in his breſt.
Oh griefe, and ioy, ſo ſuddenly commixt,
Such ſympathie was er'e ſeene you betwixt?

As late when winter had caſt off his weede,
Our Sunne eclipſt did ſet, oh light moſt faire,
Calme was the time, tempeſts, and ſtormes agreed
To hide their heads, and not diſturbe the aire.
Next morne, faire Phœbe, betime mouts on his ſteed,
And to the azurd heauens makes repaire. (creaſe:
For ioy birds ſung, leaues ſprung, fruits gan t'en-
And none but God did worke this ioyfull peace.

Oh giue the praiſe to him, for with his might
He rules Sunne, moone, ſtarres, ſeas, earth, lightning,
His eies winks not by day, or ſleeps by night, (thūder.
But makes and works by wiſdome things of wonder.
Dealing Iuſtice diuinely and vpright,
Exalting vertue, and vice keeping vnder.
Thus gouernes God, the maker of all things,
Diſpoſing of all kingdomes, and of kings.

Uno é ſempre mai medeſimo.
E. L. Aul. Clar. devotiſſ.

FAire Cynthia's dead: ſo is my muſe: ſhe breathes:
My Muſe it breathes: yet can not ſpeake for griefe:
She's dead: her death no life my Muſe bequeathes,
Sole Cynthius yeelds my dying Muſe releeſe.
Twixt both my liue-dead Muſe asyron lies
Betweene two adamants of equall prize.

Should

Should I ſing or weepe? griefe they twaine impart;
They twaine eke ioy: for ioy ile ſing, ile weepe,
My teares run backe nie drowne my ſwelling heart.
Ile ioy: for ioy no meaſure can I keepe.
Ah that my braine a ſtreame of wit could flow,
That teares for ioy my ſenſles pen mote ſow.
I ſaw a glorious Sunne ſet in the South,
Which ſits not heauens diurnall motion:
The abſence of this ſtarre bred mickle routh:
Eft by more wondrous reuolution
In th' north there riſe another glorious Sunne,
Who brought in day before the night was don.
Ere dart thy crimſen rayes on this our Iſle,
Ere Cynthius liue, if life be liuing here,
Ere let thy gladſome face on England ſmile,
Ere be thou *primum mouens* of our ſphere.
Lifes higheſt Zenith ere to thee betide:
Who ſeekes thy life, let deaths low Nadir hide.

Tho. Walkington. S.I.Coll.

An Epitaph vpon the death of our Late gratious and dread Soueraigne Elizabeth, Queene of England, &c.

SOoth not thy ſelfe vile Duſt, vile Lumpe of Clay,
As though thy Life were leas'd for dateles day.
Man is but Thing of Nought: ſoone as he breathes,
He is expoſed to a thouſand Deathes.
Soone as he gins to liue, he gins to die,
And wailes the time he did ſalute the skie.
And lingring on, he ſoftly weares away
Like timeles flowre before the skorching Ray.
What euer this vaſt world hath, or ſhall haue,
Muſt be deuoured by the Hungrie graue.

Impartiall

Impartiall Fates ſpare none for die muſt all
Both baſer Cobler and proud Cardinall.
Loe here for ſigne, how death hath equall made
The Princely Scepter and the deluers ſpade.
Witneſſe this trophee of inſulting Death
Englands great Empreſſe Queene Elizabeth.
Me liſt not blot whole reames with larger read
Of matchleſſe graces of this Soueraigne dead.
Speake Envie'ſelfe, and Envie will confeſſe
The world ne're ſawe ſo rare an Empereſſe.
Was neuer Prince which ſwaide Emperiall mace
Did equalize, much leſſe excell her Grace.
Not that wiſe king of peace K. Dauids ſonne
In whome great grace and wiſdome great did wonne,
Had greater grace, ne more did vnderſtond
Then did Eliza Queene of Fayry lond.
Oh hadſt thou liu'd great Queene in times of yore
When he in Paleſtina Scepter bore, (deare
That Queene which ween'd nor toyle nor charges
So ſhee mought well be learn'd in wiſdoms leere,
But croſt from Saba to Hieruſalem,
To heare that king diſcourſe on deeper theame,
Had ſhee but heard of great Elizaes name
(For great was ſhee in power and great in fame)
Soone had ſhee left that moſt admired Iewe
And ſhipt to Albion her wiſe Prince to viewe.
And ſoke the wiſdome ſhee from thee did heare
With an inſatiate and greedie eare.
Shee ruled long, with peace and plentie great
And we could wiſh her daies were doubled yet.
Shee which liu'd well liu'd long; for length of daies
Fond ideots count by time, wiſe men by praiſe:
Whilſt here ſhee liu'd, ſhee ſpent her virgin yeares
In royall pompe amongſt her wiſer Peeres: (ioyne
Nor mought ſhee daygne with Earthly Prince to

To bring forth iſſue from her virgin loyne:
Shee had eſpouſd her ſelfe to th' Lord of life,
So ſtill ſhee liues a maiden and a wife.
He bought her deare; and it was reaſon good
He ſhould her wedd, who bought her with his blood.
So now ſhee's crown'd with bliſſe, amongſt thoſe ſpi-
Which ranſomd are, by Chriſts all-ſauing merits. (rits
Little ſhee recks this world; ne had ſhee loſſe
Who got a Crowne of bliſſe for one of droſſe.
England thou maiſt bewaile her beeing dead,
But more reioyce that her thou foſtered.

I. Iones. iun. ſoc. Pemb.

FINIS.